



HOW TO BE A THUMPING BIG SUCCESS ON CAMPUS

While up in the attic last week hiding from the tax man, I came across a letter, yellow with age, that dear old Dad had sent me when I was a freshman. I reproduce it below in the hope that it may light your way as it did mine.

"Dear Son, (Dad always called me Son. This was short for Sonnenberg, which used to be my first name. I traded it last year with a man named Max. He threw in two outfielders and a left-handed pitcher . . . But I digress.)

"Dear Son, (Dad wrote)

"I suppose you are finding college very big and bewildering, and maybe a little frightening too. Well, it need not be that way if you will follow a few simple rules.

"First of all, if you have any problems, take them to your teachers. They want to help you. That's what they are there for. Perhaps they seem a little aloof, but that is only because they are so busy. You will find your teachers warm as toast and friendly as pups if you will call on them at an hour when they are not overly busy. Four a.m., for instance.

"Second, learn to budget your time. What with classes, activities, studying, and social life all competing for your time, it is easy to fall into sloppy habits. Set up a rigid schedule and stick to it. Remember, there are only 24 hours a day. Three of these hours must be spent in class. For every hour in class you must, of course, spend two hours studying. So there go six more hours. Then, as we all know, for every hour studying, you must spend two hours sleeping. This accounts for twelve more hours. Then there are meals—three hours each for breakfast and lunch, four hours for dinner. Never forget, Sonnenberg, you must chew each mouthful twelve hundred times. You show me a backward student, and I'll show you a man who bolts his food.

"But college is more than just sleeping, eating, and studying. There are also many interesting activities which you must not miss. You'll want to give at least three hours a day to the campus newspaper, and, of course, another three hours each to the dramatic and music clubs. And let's say a total of eight hours daily to the stamp club, the debating club, and the foreign affairs club. Then, of course, nine or ten hours for teasing and bird-walking, and another ten or twelve for ceramics and three-card monte.

"Finally we come to the most important part of each day—what I call 'The Quiet Time.' This is a period in which you renew yourself—just relax and think great thoughts and smoke Marlboro Cigarettes. Why Marlboro? Because they are the natural complement to the active life. They have better 'makin's'; the filter filters; the flavor is rich and mellow and a treat to the tired, a boon to the spent, a safe harbor to the storm-tossed. That's why.

"Well, Sonnenberg, I guess that's about all. Your kindly old mother sends her love. She has just finished putting up



rather a large batch of pickles—in fact, 330,000 jars. I told her that with you away at school, we would not need so many, but kindly old Mother is such a creature of habit that, though I hit her quite hard several times, I could not dissuade her.

Keep 'em flying,
Dad."

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Here's more advice to freshmen—and upperclassmen too. If non-filter cigarettes are your pleasure, double your pleasure with Philip Morris, made by the makers of Marlboro.



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